

# A Nevv-thing, of Nothing :

O R,

A Song made of *Nothing*, the newest in Print ;  
He that seriously mindes it, will find *Something* in't.

Le sing you a *Sonnet*, that nere was in Print,  
**I** 'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint,  
But j'le tell you before hand, you'l find No-  
(thing in't.

On *Nothing* I think, on *Nothing* I Write,  
For *Nothing* I Cover, yet *Nothing* I Slight,  
And I care not a Pin, if I get *Nothing* by't.

*Fire, Aire, Earth and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish and Men,*  
Did start out of *Nothing*, a *Chaos*, a *Den* ;  
And all things shall turn into *Nothing* agen.

It's *Nothing* sometimes that makes many things hit,  
As when a Fool amongst Wise men doth silently sit,  
A Fool that sayes *Nothing*, may pass for a Wit.

What one Man doth love, is another Man's leathing,  
This Lad loves a quick thing, & that loves a slow thing,  
And both in the very Conclusion love *Nothing*.

Your Slashing and Clashing, and Flashing of Wit,  
Doth start out of *Nothing*, but Fancy and Fit,  
It's little or *Nothing* to what hath been Writ.

When first we together by the Ears did fall,  
Then *Something* got *Nothing*, and *Nothing* got *All*,  
From *Nothing* it came, unto *Nothing* it shall.

That *Party* which Sealed to a *Covenant* in hast,  
Who made *King* and *Kingdom*, and *Churches* lye wast,  
Their *Projects* and all came to *Nothing* at last,

They raised an Army of Horse and of Foot,  
To tumble down *Monarchy*, Branch and Root,  
They Thunder'd & Plunder'd, but *Nothing* would do't.

The *Organ* and *Altar*, and *Ministers* Clothing,  
In *Presbyter-Jack* did beget such a lothing,  
That he must needs set up a Petty-new-*Nothing*.

And when he had Rob'd us in Sanctified Clothing,  
And Perjur'd the People by Faithing and Trothing,  
But at last was Catch'd, and all came to *Nothing*.

Where War and *Rebellion*, and *Plundring* grows,  
The *Mendicant-man* is freeest from blows,  
For he is most Happy, hath *Nothing* to lose.

Great *Cesar* and *Pompey*, and brave *Alexander*,  
Whom *Armies* did follow, as *Goose* follows *Gander*,  
Have *Nothing* to say to an *Action* of *Slander*.

The wisest great *Prince*, were he never so stout,  
Could he Conquer the *World*, and give *Mankind* a Rout,  
Did bring *Nothing* in, nor shall bear *Nothing* out.

Old *Noll* that did rise up to high-thing, from low-thing,  
By *Brewing Rebellion*, and *Nicking* and *Frothing*,  
In Seven years distance, was *All things* and *Nothing*.

*Dick* ( *Olivers* Heir ) that pittiful low-thing,  
Who once was Invested with Purple Clothing,  
Now stands for a *Cipher*, and a *Cipher* is *Nothing*.

The nimble tongu'd *Lawyer* that Pleads for his Pay,  
When *Death* doth Arrest him, and carry him away,  
At the *General Bar*, will have *Nothing* to say.

If *King-killers* are excluded from blifs,  
Old *Bradshaw* ( that feels the Reward on't by this )  
Had better been *Nothing*, then what now he is.

Your Gallant that lives by fine Meat, Drink, & Clothing,  
Who was th' other day, but a pittiful low-thing,  
Payes *Butcher*, and *Baker*, and *Draper*, with *Nothing*.

If any here tax me with weakness of Wit,  
And say that of *Nothing*, I *Nothing* have Writ,  
I shall Answer *Ex Nihilo, nihil* fit.

Yet let his Discretion be never so tall,  
This very word *Nothing*, shall give it a fall,  
For in Writing of *Nothing*, I comprehend all.

Let every man give the *Poet* his due,  
'Cause then 'twas with him, as now it's with you,  
He studied it, when he had *Nothing* to do.

This very word *Nothing*, if took the right way,  
May prove advantageous, for what would you say,  
If the *Vintner* should tell you, there's *Nothing* to Pay ?

Licensed according to Order.